

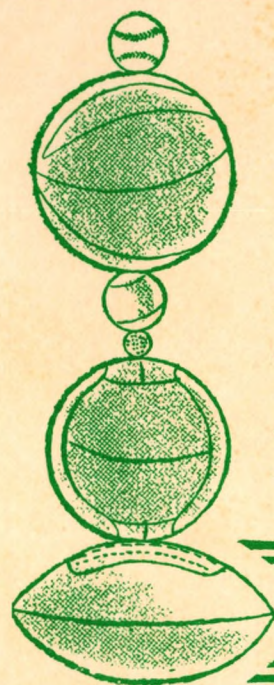
THE STUDENT'S PEN

JUNE 1969

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Pittsfield, Massachusetts





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JUNE 1969

Volume LIII

Number 4

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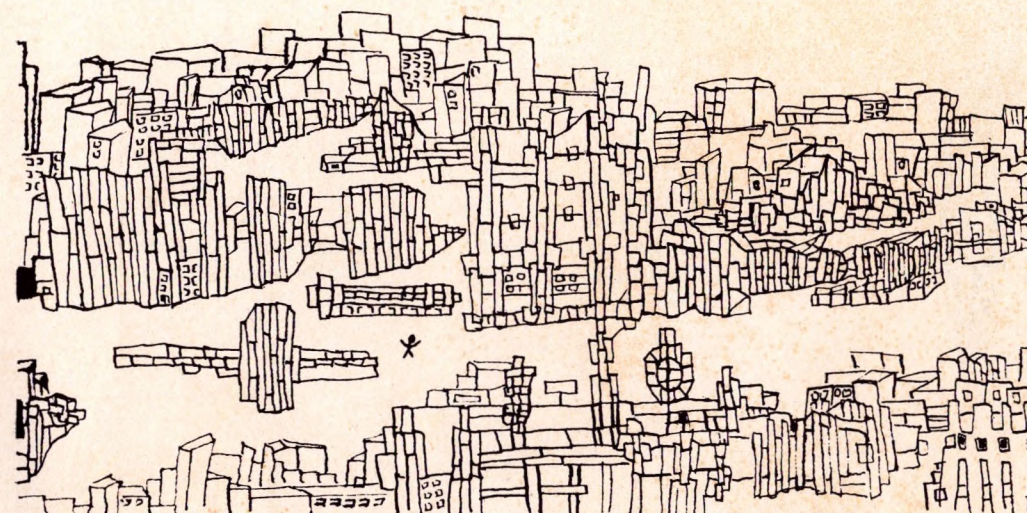


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TAKING NOTE OF NEW DIRECTIONS

The theme for this issue of *The Student's Pen* is "Roads".

This theme was chosen because it fits in so well with graduation. Graduation, of course, entails speech about "the road of life", a poor cliché, though there is serious thought behind it. After graduation the student is no longer solely concerned with school; he is rather more concerned with setting himself up to make a living. I don't think it's necessary to exhort the reader about watching potholes and wrong turns; life isn't that simple and most students know it.

Actually, in the past years, students have seemed to take an increasingly active interest in education, politics, and the business of living. The entire world now has the attention of the students, and most students are as aware of the world, which they hope to soon control.

There is one event scheduled, at this writing, for this summer which promises to catch everyone's attention. Through circumstance of history, astronaut Neil Armstrong has been chosen to be the first human to set foot on the moon, the first real step from earth. This is, indeed, more than just a demonstration of man's technological progress; it is a step into man's future ventures and is of far greater magnitude than Columbus' voyage, to whom Armstrong will inevitably be compared.

We should take note of this event. (It will undoubtedly be one of television's few worthwhile broadcasts, perhaps even live color transmission of the historic

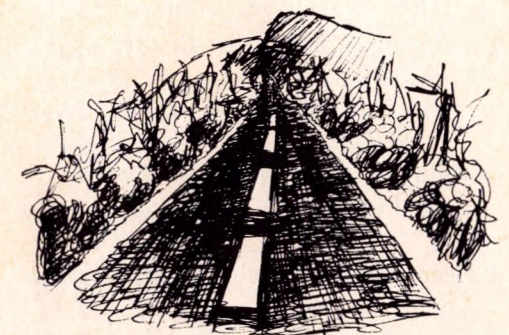
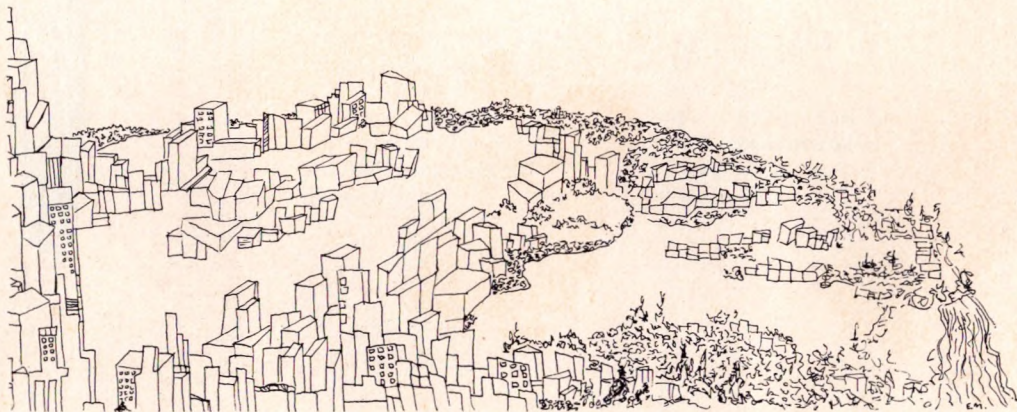
moment, because it will signal a new era for all of mankind.)

Shamefully, it will probably only pass, in the immediate future, as a technological achievement, separated from any deeper thinking; even the words of *Genesis* read by the crew of Apollo 8 were objected to by pseudoreligious and anti-religious people.

We should rather take note of the new roads open to us, realize what they signify, and decide on the directions we will take because once we have started on our way we can never return the same.

Space has provided the viewpoint from which the world is a single place. Perspectives change; something better can be seen. If the significance of space is realized, we can all better see the road to common understanding and improvement.

Man has a long and confusing way to go; he should note the new road signs space exploration and the ever increasing interdependence in the world have set up.



Beep! Beep!

A strange little car from a foreign land,
All put together by a German's hand,
Is marked with the famous VW brand.

Beep! Beep!

From year to year it remains the same,
This foreign car with the funny name,
The dealers claim it just doesn't change.
Beep! Beep!

Not a single detail out of place,
Not another car can keep this pace,
It must stay the same, to stay in the race.
Beep! Beep!

But I made a discovery . . .

Just last week, around midday,
Two VW's came my way,
One's horn was joyous, the other one's
staid.

Beep! Bop!

Beep! Bop!

—Lisa Farrell

Just Passing By

I passed by barefoot on the moist moss
And all the greens of clustered timber
moved gently over my head.

Dreams seeped from my mind and
mingled with the
notes of birds and aimless breezes

Together in a hazy mist they floated
towards the hills
and I would follow too, for I knew
my feet

would take me there and then we
would meet

again

To lean against the wind on our journey
home.

—Jennifer Douglas

I Shall Not Love Thee So

Upon the river's silent flow
The lilies drift and wane,
And even where the flowers grow
There falls but little rain.

Amid the trees so tall and green
The songs of nature dwell;
But now the forest, so unseen
Among us, grows in hell.
And underneath the gentle snow
The grass has fallen dead;
While winds of torment seem to blow
Upon the path we led.

But flowers need the rain to live,
And were the winds to know
That heaven has much more to give—
Then might I love thee so.

—Patricia Hyde

A Decision

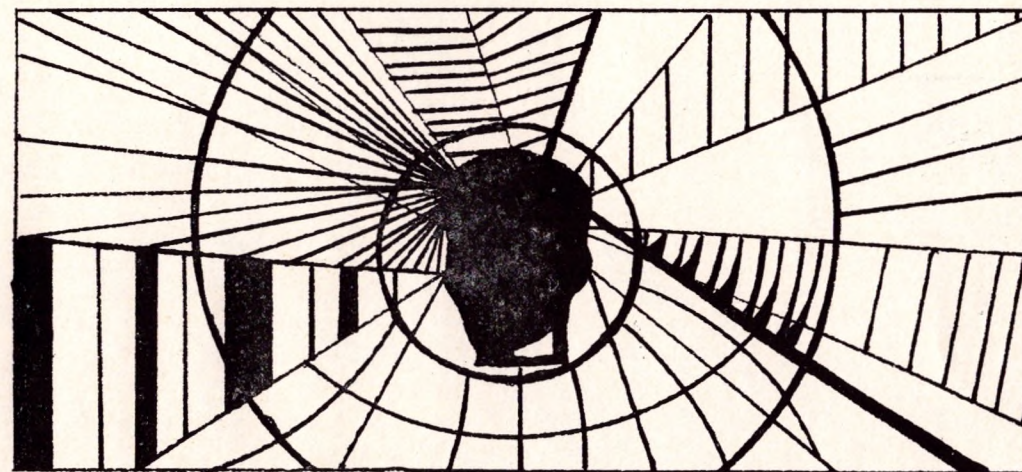
What was it I saw?
An empty space?
No.
I see something in my mind,
But I don't know.
Maybe,
I could go back
And look again.
Yet,
I must go on.
I passed it.
I cannot return.

—Laura Leon

The Childhood Disease

Kids tickle and run, giggling, on wobbly
legs.
Youth gallops and jumps, soaring, o'er
earthly bounds
only to rebound, gamboling,
bubbling in wild-eyed wonder.
Totally being
a victim of
a whirling springtime whimsy.

—Carol Pepperman

**Success**

In this fold-out-perforated-tear-along-
this-line world,
life is a hairy hang-up
which
Allows us to do nothing but
turn on, tune out, keep our formed
faces still.
SUCH MARBLED HAPPINESS i
CAN NOT TAKE!
. . . let me find my own separate
road to ruin.

—Joy Quillard



JUNE 1969

9

THE NIGHT OF THE HITCHHIKER

THE HITCHHIKER wiped his forehead and looked down the highway for a sign of life. He looked at his watch and decided that he had been sitting on the guardrail long enough, so he stood up, stretched, and began to walk farther up the road. He had been walking along the highway for several hours and no one had offered him a ride.

He walked on down the road, silently. After each curve there was more highway. He turned and held out a friendly thumb to a yellow Fairlane that passed. Sighing, he watched it speed off in the direction he wanted to go. Another car came and the same thing happened.

He walked on down the road, silently. After each curve there was more highway. His feet hurt from the walking, as if someone had tied leather straps around his ankles to bind them. Would the highway never end? His mouth was coated with sticky saliva which grew stickier with each dry breath. He tried to spit it out, only to get it replaced by stickier and drier saliva. He kicked a rusty beer can to the side of the road and turned as another car approached and refused him.

He walked on down the road, silently. After each curve there was more highway. He looked ahead and saw a sign. As he neared it, he was able to make out the words:

CANAAN 4

Good, he thought, there would be some refreshment in Canaan, and the Massachusetts border would not be much farther. Now, if he could only get a ride.

A blue Pontiac leaped over the hill be-

hind him. The hitchhiker begged with his thumb for a ride, and, to his mental joy and physical relief, the driver signalled and stopped several yards beyond. The hitchhiker ran for the first time in three hours, to get out of the sun, at last. He got into the car and gasped a grateful "Thank you," in a slightly hoarse voice. It was Heaven. The car was air conditioned.

"Thirsty?" the driver greeted him, "You sound it. I'll be stopping in Canaan for some gas. You can get some water there. You might get a chocolate bar, too, if you haven't had supper yet. I just ate so I can't stop for you. You going into Massachusetts?" The hitchhiker nodded. "Fine, so am I."

They stopped at a Mobil station in Canaan, and there, returning from a refreshing visit to the men's room, the hitchhiker got his first good look at his benefactor. He was heavily built with thick black hair and a chubby face. His heavy beard was showing in the early evening sunlight although he had probably shaved that morning. Heavy drops of sweat streaked down the side of his face as he paid the attendant.

"Ready? Refreshed?" he asked. The hitchhiker nodded. They were in the car again when the driver looked over and said, "You look vaguely familiar. Have we ever met?"

"Not that I know of."

"Hmm. Where are you going, anyway?"

"Pittsfield."

"Fine. I'm going right through there."

"Oh. Where are you going?"



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"Bennington," the driver replied, "Vermont. Business trip. You live in Pittsfield?"

"Yup." The hitchhiker looked out the window.

"Coming home from college?"

"Uh-huh."

"Where do you go to college? Bridgeport?"

"Uh . . . yes," he faltered.

**YOU ARE NOW LEAVING
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WELCOME TO MASSACHUSETTS

"What are you majoring in?"

"Er . . . liberal arts . . ."

"You look a little old for a college kid. How old are you?"

"Uh . . . only 22 . . . I, uh . . . was in Vietnam. . ."

"Oh, good. A vet, huh. So am I. From World War II, though. I was in the Invasion of Italy when . . ."

The conversation dragged on. By the time they entered Great Barrington, the black-haired man was getting uneasy and a little suspicious. Finally, he paused, thought, and then spoke up.

"Are you high?"

"What?" The hitchhiker was shocked into awareness. "No."

"Hmm. I'll bet you've used drugs, though. That's the trouble with you kids. All you think about is drugs, sex and alcohol."

"Now hang on. Have you ever noticed a pretty girl in your life?"

"Well, yeah, of course. But,—"

"Then don't criticize us for liking sex. As for drinking, I'll bet you drink, too. Lots of adults drink."

"All right, but what about drugs?"

"So we have a wider range of interests than you. Is it illegal to enjoy yourself?"

"We make drugs illegal for your own good. LSD destroys your chromosomes—"

"And cigarettes destroy our lungs, but does anyone make cigarettes illegal? No. Alcohol destroys our kidneys, but does anyone make drinking illegal? No. Vietnam destroys our lives, but does anyone make war illegal? No."

"Alcohol was illegal for a while there," the driver countered.

"That's the point. It *was* illegal, but isn't anymore. The same things going to happen to drugs. Heroin and that glop may stay illegal, but marijuana, LSD and STP will be legalized. THC is already legal."

The black-haired man was beginning to regret having picked the hitchhiker up. He took another good look at him in the twilight. "Are you sure we've never met?"

"Quite sure."

They sat in silence for a while as they passed through Stockbridge. Finally, the black-haired man tried to revive the conversation.

"You didn't strike me as the hippie type when I first saw you."

"I don't think of myself as one."

"Well you use drugs and . . ."

"That's your stereotyped image of a hippie. I didn't fit in because my hair isn't down to my shoulders. You judge people too much from the outside. The body and the person are two different things. You should take the time to see the inside of a person, to find out what he really is, to see what makes him tick, so to speak. You have to think of people as individuals."

"Alright, let's end that right there. There must be something we can talk about without snatching at each others throats."

The hitchhiker thought a moment. "I hate Adolph Hitler."

"Fine, we agree on something at last. Can you think of anything wider?"

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"Do you like hunting?"
"Yes, I do," The black-haired man relaxed, having found a common interest. "I go duck-hunting frequently."

"It figures," the hitchhiker sneered. "Huh?"

"What did a duck ever do to you that you would want to go around shooting up ducks?"

"Good Lord, it's a sport. I have nothing against ducks. I . . ."

"Vietnam is sport. There's competition there. It's you or him. The stakes are high. What sport is there in duck-hunting? How often do those ducks shoot back?"

"Men have always killed animals. Throughout history. The cave-man started out . . ."

"Don't start comparing yourself to a cave-man, you'll get in trouble that way. At that time, men had to kill to live, to defend themselves, to eat, to clothe themselves. You kill for fun. You're the type of people we should send to Vietnam. You'd enjoy yourself there. You're supposed to be civilized. I doubt that cave-men went around killing for fun. I firmly believe that no being has the right to take the gift of life away from another being."

"I can see we don't agree on that subject. What can we talk about that we agree on?"

"I'm afraid that people don't get anywhere by agreeing on things. When people agree, they go home until they find something else to argue about. The process of life lies in argument."

They drove on down the highway. The hitchhiker went back to looking out the window, this time looking at the starry sky. The black-haired man smiled and said, "Recognize anybody?"

"Well," answered the hitchhiker, "there's Orion, and the Big Dipper and

the Little Dipper. There's Pegasus and Cassiopeia and Draco . . ."

"Hey, that's not bad. You're an astronomy buff, huh?"

"Sort of. During my childhood, I spent a lot of time looking at stars. I learned to recognize a number of constellations. There's Hercules, Libra, . . . Virgo . . . Sagittarius . . . Aquarius . . ."

"Oh, don't mention that name. I've heard all too much of that stupid song and the inane play it comes from."

"What's wrong with the song?"

"All they do is sing 'This is the age of Aquarius, Aquarius, Aquarius, Aquarius-aquariusaquarius, Aquaaaaaaaaarius.' aquariusaquarius, Aquaaaaaaaaaariuuuuuuuuuus."

"There are other words, and there's sense to them."

"What sense?"

"It all has to do with astrology. For quite a while now, maybe for the entire history of civilized man, we've been living under the sign of Capricorn which is a warlike symbol. Well, very soon now, Jupiter will align with Mars and the moon will move into the Seventh house, whatever that is, and we will all move into the Age of Aquarius, which is a peacelike symbol."

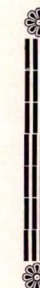
"Interesting. Sounds like someone's going to make war illegal."

The hitchhiker grinned. "That sounded like sarcasm." He looked at his watch. "Could you turn the dome light on so I can find out what time it is?" The dome light went on. "Ah, nine-thirty, thank you."

The dome light did not go off. The black-haired man was staring at the hitchhiker. "What's wrong?" he asked cautiously.

"I just remembered where I saw you before," the black-haired man said ominously. The hitchhiker wilted inside.

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"Your picture was on the front page of yesterday's paper. You're the man who escaped from the penitentiary."

"Could you watch your driving, please? And it was not from the penitentiary. It was from the jail when they were taking me there."

The black-haired man narrowly avoided hitting the "Entering Pittsfield" sign. "Go on."

"About what?"

"About all this." His hand traced a nervous circle in the air.

The hitchhiker was equally nervous and sad, too. "I was convicted for first degree murder and given a life sentence, but I escaped while they were taking me to the penitentiary, that's all."

The black-haired man thought a moment. "A little while ago you criticized me for killing ducks. What right did you have to kill this man?"

"It was an accident. I can't explain it to you. You wouldn't understand. The jury didn't. All the evidence somehow pointed against me. It was frightening."

The black-haired man was beginning to relax a little after the initial shock. "I'll have to admit you don't impress me as the type of person who would murder somebody."

"Well, truthfully, I'm not good. I've had my share of fights and I've robbed a few stores in my life, but I'd never murder anyone."

"Why did you choose to come to Pittsfield?"

"I grew up here. My home is here. My family is here. I have a promise to keep," he answered, "'and miles to go before I sleep'" he muttered to himself.

The black-haired man caught it. "Frost!"

"Yes," replied the hitchhiker, somewhat surprised. "One of his. I'm not a poetry lover, but I remember that from school."

Suddenly they realized that they were in the middle of town. The black-haired man heaved a sigh. "Where do you want me to let you off?"

The hitchhiker looked at him. "You aren't going to turn me in?"

The black-haired man looked into the hitchhiker's eyes deeply and pondered the question. "No," he said finally.

"Then, I guess Wahconah Street is close enough to where I want to go. It's up at the end of this business section here."

"I could let you off at your house if you want."

"No, thank you, it's not necessary. You could go up Peck's Road, though, drop me off there, then go on to Route 7 from there."

"Very well, if you'd like."

As they drove down Wahconah Street the hitchhiker saw places that stood out in his memories: Charles Street where he and his friends often went stealing hubcaps; a store they had robbed when he was twelve; a sign he had stolen seven times; Wahconah Park, outside of which he had been badly beaten up by five other boys, each bigger and older than he.

Soon, they reached Peck's Road. As he was getting out of the car, he pointed up Wahconah Street. "Continue up there and you'll meet Route 7 again. And thank you ever so much for the ride. You have my eternal gratitude."

"And a little of your philosophy." The black-haired man smiled briefly and then became serious again. "Just do me a favor. Don't mention me when you're caught. It's illegal to aid a criminal and I don't want to get in trouble for this. Oh, and give my regards to your parents."

"Granted." The hitchhiker shut the

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door and the car drove off down the street. He crossed the street, and walked down Peck's Road, past the school he had attended as a child, past the fire station, and on beneath the street lights. A car passed him and disappeared into the distance.

Finally he reached a drive going up between two brick posts. He walked up the driveway into the cemetery and along the drives over the hills. Beyond the hills, he came to a field where the graves were laid in neat order. Walking among these he found, near the center, one which read:

John Henry Nichols

b. Aug. 4, 1925 d. Feb. 12, 1967

and his wife

Mary Anne Davis

b. Dec. 14, 1927 d. Feb. 12, 1967

At this grave he stopped and kneeled. He stayed like that for a moment looking for words. Finally he spoke. "Mama? Dad? I'm back. I came back like I said I would." He paused. "Mama, I . . . I know you've been watching me and you know what happened. You know it was an accident, don't you? Mama!" he burst suddenly, "the knife slipped! You know that don't you? You know I didn't kill him, don't you? You know it was an accident. Please believe me, Mama. Please!" He bent over the earth before the granite slab and nearly cried. Then he relaxed. "You don't know what I went through to get here. Two policemen were taking me from my cell to the wagon to take me to the prison. I had to fight those two right there in the . . ." He broke off in sudden awareness, held himself for a moment, put his hands to his tear-filled eyes and screamed in emotional agony, "Oh, God, I was their only son! Why couldn't I have turned out better than this?"

He stood for a moment weeping, then he stood up and, supporting himself on

the granite monument, looked desperately around at the other graves, and then beyond them, to houses where people were living. Inside he felt a rebirth of something that died in him when he was a child. Finally, he cried out, "People!" The cool night wind blew across the cemetery carrying with it the undying sound of separateness. "People, listen to me! . . . I'm a dead man! . . . My day is over, but what good was it to anyone?" He stopped momentarily while the stars watched him standing alone in the field. The grave stones waited quietly for him to continue.

"How many of you know where you're going? How many of you think that the road you're walking on is the right road? Don't Walk like a blind man! The way is lighted for you; there are signs! Open your eyes, look at them! That's what they're there for! Don't be afraid! It's not too late to change! There's still time to retrace your steps and find the right way! Old roads are being torn up and new roads are being built! You have to go the new ways! You can't survive on the old! One road is your road and you must find it! You're not a Colossus of Roads trying to straddle many ways at once! Only one road is real for you! The others are only mirages and are always changing, shifting with the turning of time! At two glances they'll never look the same!" A summer breeze blew across the cemetery bringing with it the perpetual sound of emptiness. The trees rustled nervously at his words.

"Once you've found your road," he continued, "don't let anything stop you. Keep walking down the road. After each curve there's more highway. There's no end to it, and there never will be an end as long as men continue to kill each other, as long as children go hungry, as long as a people must struggle for freedom, as long as a nation must fight to

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survive, as long as one race may want to separate itself from another, as long as one culture should be at odds with another, as long as men can hate each other, as long as love is not the primary motivating force of history! And pray to God that he'll save your soul because no one else will!"

A small gust of wind blew across the cemetery, carrying with it the ghostly sound of something fading. The grave-stones sat in silence. The trees shook their heads at this forlorn figure in the middle of the graveyard. The hitchhiker fell to his knees and put his hands to his face, crying out, "Oh, God! They can't hear me! They aren't even listening! What can be done? Oh, what can be done?" As he sat struggling to under-

stand, the wind seemed to tell him that something could be done, but he was not the one to do it.

He looked at the gravestone and said quietly, "I promised you I'd be with you forever. I don't want to spend my life in prison, but I don't want to spend it running either . . ." He reached into his pocket and took out a small bottle filled with pills. Carefully he poured them all into his hand and ate them all. He sat back on his heels, waiting. A moment later he began convulsing violently and finally fell forward to the ground and, with one last surge of resistance, fell limp, his fingers embedded in the soil.

On the horizon, Aquarius shone brightly over the cemetery where there was peace.

—Wayne Shepard

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"IT WOULD take the U.S.S. United States 2000 voyages to carry all the families with \$10,000 income or more who read *Newsweek*." . . . From an advertisement.

Captain Ezra H. McCoy stood on the bridge of the U.S.S. United States peering out into the mist. The end of Voyage number 2000 of *Newsweek* readers was approaching; and as were the past 1,999 voyages, it had been peaceful. The night was hazy and warm and the Captain could hear the screams of delight as the effigy of Henry Luce was burned on the recreation deck. He took a long drink of his coffee and made minor steering adjustments. Suddenly the squawk box came to life, "Captain, Captain to the stern deck immediately!" McCoy bristled at the call and cursed vehemently as he relinquished the wheel to his aide.

As he approached the deck, he was prepared for the worst. "What's the trouble?" he asked apprehensively.

"It's that passenger over there, sir. I've been suspicious of him ever since he came aboard. At first I thought he was a

Time reader but the boys in circulation O.K.'d him. But then I got the word from the IRS: his income was less than \$10,000 last year. I'm sorry, sir; I've enjoyed working under you." Ezra knew it was all over. The future flashed before his eyes: accusations, investigations, demotion and finally a position as the skipper of a garbage scow in New York Harbor. He muttered something to the pair of seamen and suddenly there was a splash, and then quiet. The seamen turned and smiled briefly. Then there was a scuffle, two more splashes and quiet once more. The captain was alone on the deck; his reputation was saved and he alone knew the secret. Captain McCoy returned to the deck and recorded in the log:

"9 May 10:52 P.M. Passenger lost overboard. Seaman Jolly and Roger also lost in rescue attempt."

The captain took over the wheel and once more peered out into the mist. A shrill whistle sang out and a young seaman called, "11 o'clock and all is well."

—Richard Levinson

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—Lilli Green

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THE GLASS ROAD

THE WHOLE thing started a year ago with my severe case of constant fevers. Each separate fever seemed to cause me to stumble into unknown places never before ventured. Some were scary, others beautiful, but one still lingers to molest my aching mind.

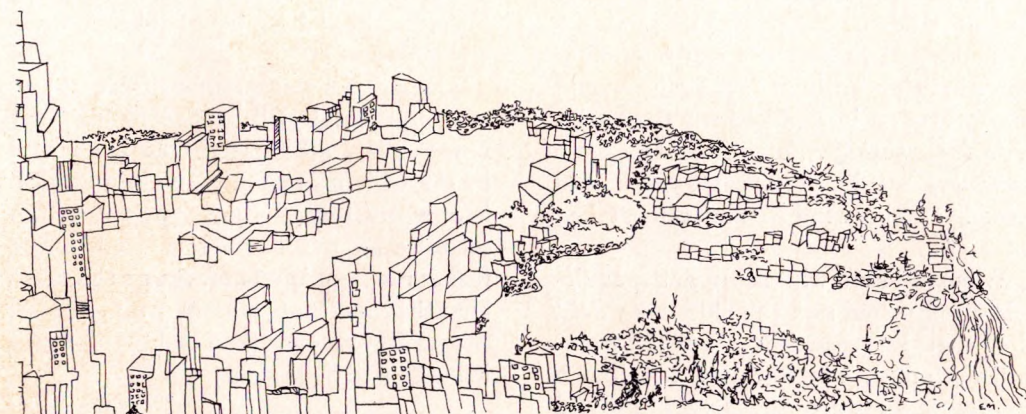
The delightful little town was called Greensville, and rightly so. Year round the grass and trees remained to symbolize eternal love. Flowers grew in abundant beauty and never wilted. They only multiplied. Streams flowed all around, bubbling out melodies as if gifted with musical abilities.

My soul was enchanted, but I soon grew lonely, for with all this loveliness, I couldn't find one human being. Depressed, I began to search. Every house, barn, treehouse and store produced only creaky floors and dirty windows. Now I wanted to leave, for I couldn't endure the silence much longer.

Finding a road, I began my journey

home. Soon a turn appeared in my path and I slipped, landing in a peculiar fashion on my knees. My eyes glanced downward. That was my big mistake. Beneath the transparent, slippery road were people. Some deserved high recognition, such as President Nixon and his noted relatives. The rest were common little creatures who scratched on the road crying such phrases as "Peace," "Love your brother", and "Fight the war against poverty". Crawling on, I witnessed the Vietnam War in miniature fashion and even got to see my own brother being killed. This caused me to move faster. Suddenly my eyes started to mist as though they were blinding. I struggled to stand erect, but only fell. Once again I tried to stand. This time when I fell the glass shattered and drew me within. Now, I too started scratching, hoping someone, maybe God, would release me from the green glass prison.

—Mary Ann Jones



BEAUTY IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

BEAUTY, IT has been written, is in the eye of the beholder. I find this statement to be very true, especially when something different or controversial is our topic.

When I first came to Pittsfield High, I was greatly impressed by its beauty and size. Many of the kids, though, immediately began to tear down the school and its traditions as soon as they arrived. At first, I admit, I was a little startled when I noticed that some of the paint was peeling off the walls of some of my classrooms, but I soon realized that a little elbow grease and some paint would solve the problem completely.

One day as I stood on the mall and looked up at the tainted dome on a dulled yellow carousel, I began to feel something—I was part of a tradition, a beautiful tradition and one that must be carried on.

In early summer the ivy-covered walls and the huge, shady elms paint an inspiring picture, one of stature and beauty. Her dome reaching up toward heaven as if to draw from the infinite storehouses of knowledge all she could requisition from the Maker.

Just last year my homeroom was in the basement, the "hole" as referred to by the student body. Maybe it was a little dark at times but I can remember how in the autumn squirrels would scurry around in rapid search for a winter's food supply. Sometimes the little creatures would even come over and crouch at our window and almost beg for food.

When old man winter came, the squirrels disappeared and the old elms would shed their leaves as if to cover the frost-laden ground, which would act like a comforter between the frosty ground

and the many layers of snow that would soon come. When the janitors would start up the boilers, the old steam fittings would hiss and creak. "The place is going to blow up!" some of the guys would joke. But to me, when the boilers would start up, it reminded me of a big man with snow white hair, yawning and stretching—getting ready for a long cold winter. Now the mall was covered with a heavy blanket of soft fluffy snow and the dome was a crown of ice, fitting attire for a lady such as she.

Soon though, the snow begins to melt and unusually green grass pokes through the ice-covered ground. Suddenly a great feeling of pride in my school and life itself comes over me. To most of the guys, this time of year only represents the fact that school will soon be out, but to me, it represented a new spirit which although had been somewhat dormant during the winter was thawing and spring and nature's beautiful ways were coming about.

Mother Nature begins to cover her East Street mansion with a new shiny coat of ivy and shades her estate with giant elms. In the school itself, windows were opened and fresh spring air rushed in and crushed all feelings of stagnation brought about by a beautiful but somewhat long winter.

Yes, spring was upon us. Grumbling students could still be heard, but as I now realize, all through life there will be these kinds of people. In our materialistic world today, a paper about a high school may not mean too much but I feel our school is one of, if not the most beautiful and traditionally complete high school I have ever seen or heard of and it needs a little praise.

—Thomas Bligh

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The movie is based on Philip Roth's book of the same name about a summer romance between Neil, a shy, rather bumbling, lower middle-class lad, and Brenda, a beautiful, self-assured, upper middle-class lass. Their love is enough to break down the class barrier for them, and only for a time. Their love is not enough to withstand the pressures against it; in the end Brenda is forced to choose between her parents and Neil, and she chooses the former. "They've given me everything!" she cries, in honest anguish, imploring Neil to understand. But he cannot. The trap is sprung; once again the inevitable class barrier has risen, this time not merely to challenge but to defeat the young lovers.

Neil is played by Richard Benjamin, who handles the part smoothly and sensitively with just enough coolness and awkwardness to pull off the humorous lines as they demand. Ali MacGraw is beautiful and confident as Brenda, while Michael Meyers brings real humor to the part of Brenda's older brother, a

friendly, hand-pumping, back-slapping athlete.

The stereotypes portrayed in *Columbus* never seem to end. Brenda's family supposedly typifies nouveau riche Jewish family, but the movie goes to extremes to prove its point. At the dinner table, for instance, the entire family (excluding Brenda and her mother) eat as though they had fasted for a week—food is grabbed off platters and stuffed into mouths (more often than not with the fingers), the maid is called frequently in loud, raucous tones to replenish the food, and nobody hesitates to talk with his mouth full. The house the Patimkin family lives in is outrageously ostentatious; everyone, for no apparent reason, has a private phone, while the rumpus room doesn't look as though it ever could or ever will take much romping. Neil's aunt is the stereotyped Jewish aunt, or mother, or grandmother—dumpy, nagging, apron-clad, pushing the inevitable strand of hair across a hot forehead behind a hot stove, yelling over her shoulder in an inevitably loud, accented voice. We see her later, sitting on the front steps, fanning her hot forehead, still apron-clad, still yelling.

The film is not without its moments, and when those moments arrive they are good ones. There are a few very funny scenes, and a few very touching scenes. But they don't compensate for the general emptiness of the movie. It's not a really bad movie, but it could have been so much better. And that's what takes the edge off your enjoyment.

—Judy Linscott

Waiting for Godot

Waiting for Godot, by Samuel Beckett, is a tragicomedy which explores the pathos of the human condition with a biting humor. We see two men, Vladimir and Estragon, waiting for a man who might not come but who, if he does come, will bring salvation. What is the nature of this salvation? It was "nothing very definite . . . a kind of prayer . . . a vague supplication . . . That he'd see . . . that he'd think it over . . ." Still, Vladimir and Estragon wait in hope for a being who will bring them what may be peace—what may be permanence.

Vladimir and Estragon have complementary natures, Vladimir, being the active one, Estragon being the more passive and impractical of the two. Both are superior to Pozzo and Lucky—the one a wealthy, powerful and cruel master, the other a submissive slave who serves his master to the point of thinking for him—since neither Vladimir nor Estragon is dependent upon wealth, status, or even reason. Instead, both are aware that all they do in their lives is senseless when viewed in relation to the enormity of time. Godot is the only illusion they retain and, near the end of the play, Vladimir begins to doubt even this.

"Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave digger puts on the forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries . . . But habit is a great deadener . . . at me too someone is looking, of me too someone is saying, 'He is sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep on'."

In these lines, much of Beckett's philosophy in *Waiting for Godot* is expressed. The more things change, the

more they remain the same. Vladimir seems to be saying that one day man is born and one day man will die—does the time between these two events really matter, except to give us "time to grow old"? Habit, which in the play is the routine of waiting for Godot, is what prevents man from reaching an awareness of himself. Vladimir sees now, for a moment, that his endless waiting has merely been a facade of life and that it is time for him to confront reality. However, shortly afterward, a messenger comes to say that although Godot could not come today, he would surely arrive tomorrow. Thus Vladimir's hopes are rekindled and he returns to his illusions.

To this reader, the character of Godot obviously referred to a god. Numerous references back up this opinion; however, the character of Godot is really only of secondary importance. It is the act of waiting which is the subject of the play. We have all waited for something—for an event, a thing, a person, the passage of time, death—and Godot could represent whatever the reader wishes. Perhaps a play like *Waiting for Godot* is particularly applicable to this time when so many are waiting not only for something better—but for something real.

I have read *Waiting for Godot* three times because I find it a beautiful and tender play. So much can be derived from it and yet its theme is so flexible always open to the suggestions and ideas of ever-changing moods. Beckett asks us to question the goals which we have set for ourselves; he asks us to destroy our dreams and instead appreciate the reality of life.

—Ginger Johnston

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The evolution of man from a human being to a series of digits in a giant filing cabinet is scrutinized in N.E. Bell's *The Number Game*. After examining thousands of case histories, the author presents myriad solutions for bridging the communications gap. Bell points out that each person must be reached individually and very few cases can be reached in exactly the same way. In effect, the solution is a person to person approach. The truth of the moral rings out clearly.

This is a handbook for those who strive to communicate with their fellow man. But *The Number Game* is not easy to read for several reasons. The author has attempted to present too many cases and so the reader is never really familiar with any individual presented in the text. The work is published in several volumes and small type in each section often makes it difficult to find the desired information. Reading is often a chore but complete sections can be skipped without losing the context of the theme. Bell apparently realized these shortcomings and has consequently included an excellent alphabetical index to aid the bewildered researcher.

The Number Game is revised frequently and is a most successful compilation. In some areas it is as popular as the Bible while in other sections it is relatively rare. The author is to be commended for amassing a text with a great message. It is certainly not a book for pleasure reading but for those who earnestly wish to communicate with their fellow man, this is an invaluable handbook.

—Richard Levinson

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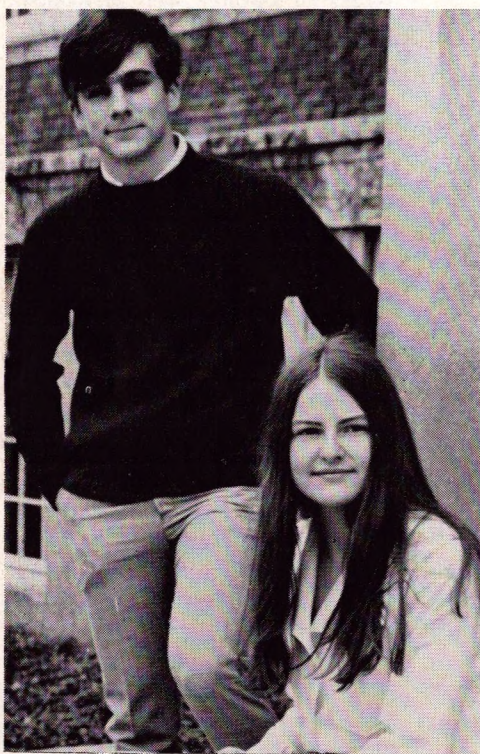
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**DIANNE HUNT and
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Two P.H.S. students who help make *The Pen* possible are Dianne Hunt and Nancy Litscher, its Business Managers. This is a difficult task but Nancy and Dianne have handled it very capably. Both girls are active in school activities, on the staff of the *Dome* and each finds the time to work after school. Dianne plans to attend the University of Massachusetts and major in Elementary Education while Nancy will attend Elmira College, perhaps majoring in English.



ELLEN METROPOLE

Ellen Metropole is well known for her art involvement in P.H.S. A C.P. student, she's a member of the Art Staff of the *Dome* and Writers and Illustrators. She also serves as Art Editor of *The Student's Pen*. Ellen plans to attend the University of Denver and major in Art.



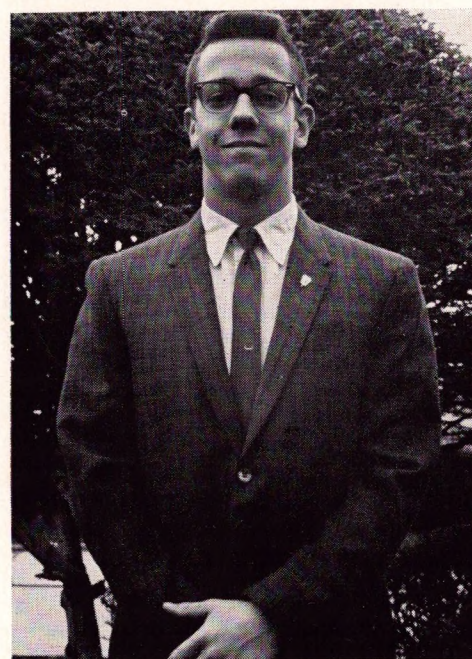
JACK SHEA and SUE CONNORS

When walking by Room 105 after school, it is hardly a surprise to see many hardworking people. Two of these are Jack Shea and Sue Connors, the chairmen of the Senior Prom. Besides working on the prom, Jack writes for the *In General* and is a member of the student council. He is going to the University of Vermont, where he'll be majoring in forestry. Sue is kept busy putting her artistic talent to good use in Writers and Illustrators and working on the *Dome*. Next year she is going to Jackson.



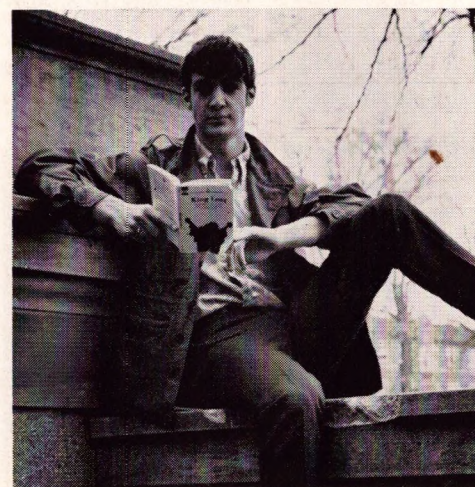
KEVIN MARZOTTO

As President of the Longfellow Chapter of the National Honor Society, Kevin Marzotto is one of the most outstanding students at P.H.S. An honor roll student, Kevin takes A.P. Physics and Math in the Technical Curriculum. He also serves as Treasurer of the JETS (Junior Engineering Technical Society) and works part-time. Kevin is preparing for a career as a nuclear physicist which he will pursue at MIT.



JIMMY VANDERGRIFT

Known to both skiers and non-skiers is Jim Vandergrift, captain of the ski team. Jimmy's exceptional skiing has recently caused him to race in the Junior National Ski Championship in Alaska, in which he did very well. He was also a member of the soccer team, and Co-Captain of the track team. Next year, Jimmy plans to attend Middlebury.



CARL GREENBERG

Chances are, when you read one of those anonymous articles in *The Student's Pen*, it is written by Carl Greenberg. As an Assistant Editor, Carl spends much time writing and working for the success of *The Pen*. He also takes a part in Writers and Illustrators and has two Advanced Placement courses—Biology and English. As for his future educational plans, Carl is still debating.

The Mass Speech Festival

Again this year, Pittsfield High School competed in the Massachusetts Speech Festival. This event consisted of the preliminaries, which were held March 8 at Amherst Regional High School, and the finals at the University of Mass. March 29. Most of our competition comes from parochial schools where speech is a much more important activity in their high school curriculum. P.H.S. students, however, with the proper amount of preparation, have shown themselves equally able in most competitions.

Successful in making the finals this year were Dick Levinson and Carol Hall in group discussion, Dennis Wakefield in boys' extemporaneous, Doris LaVigne in news broadcasting, Sue Allison in play interpretation, Rick Mariani in oratorical interpretation, and Laura Leon in poetry reading. Showing superior excellence by being in the top 5% of his category was Dick Levinson who received a gold medal. Sue Allison and Dennis Wakefield scored in the top 30% of their respective competitions and received silver medals. Also deserving of merit is our coach, Mr. David Peirce, for another successful year.

—Laura Leon

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And the "Little Drummer Boy", Kev Doolan is still beating his way to stardom and money as the drummer of the Haze.

Barb McClintock will be a welcome sight this summer. When everyone is drooling for something cool, Barb will supply them with freezing Dairy Queen ice cream.

Next we meet Tom Holland—the man with a thousand shoes. At the Shoe Box he has everything from baby patent leathers to size 11 golf shoes. How he keeps them straight we'll never know.

With summer coming up and odd jobs floating around, could your piggy bank be getting too full? If so, consult Debbie Hoffman at City Savings Bank. She'll know just how to solve your financial difficulties.

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"Parting is such sweet sorrow . . ."

As the students leave Pittsfield High on the last day of school in June, for many it will be the last time they will ever walk down the steps. As always, the graduating seniors will be saying goodbye to the past three years.

This year, however, many sophomores and juniors will also be leaving for the last time. Next fall, a desperately needed new high school will open. To relieve the overcrowding of P.H.S., Taconic High School is now being built and will open its doors in September.

The splitting of the two classes will cause many problems. Along with the separation of newly found friends, P.H.S. activities will suffer. The split will affect Cadettes, cheerleading, G.A.A., Pep Club, Student Council and other various committees, just to mention a few. Most important of all, the varsity sports will suffer. P.H.S. will lose excellent athletes to Taconic. Teammates this year will be competing next year. Let's hope that the two schools can work together to form a better public school system for Pittsfield.

Taconic will offer excellent facilities to its students. After the initial shock is over, most will undoubtedly begin to feel the same school spirit for Taconic that they had for P.H.S.

So, in June we say goodbye to the old, and in September hello to the new.

—Linda Rapkowicz

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'69 Sports Review

The football team didn't do quite as well this year, with 5th place, as they have in the past. The main reason for this was the inexperience of the team. Co-captains Jim Bagdonas and Tony Parise finished the season by leading the Generals to victory over St. Joe, therefore retaining the city championship.

The soccer record was more encouraging, however, for the team took second place in its league. After getting off to a slow start, the Generals finished strong. This year's rather green team was greatly aided by returning lettermen Rick (Leslie) Fenton and two outstanding newcomers, Eric Anderson and Jack Shea.

Turning to the winter sports, the ski team managed to rate first in the Interscholastics for the ninth consecutive year. The difficulty in finding the right coach hurt the team, for it was late in starting practice. Luckily, the team received Ron Estes as their new coach. The Interscholastics gave Jimmy Vandergrift, Rob Cella, and Jimmy Dripps a chance to prove their merit.

The wrestling team, the youngest team at P.H.S., greatly improved its former record by coming in second in Western Mass. They missed first place by a meager six points. Co-captains John Perkins and Jay Aronstein guided this hard-working team to the merit they deserve.

Playing in the rough Berry division for the first time, the P.H.S. hockey team managed to take third place. These boys really deserve credit, especially Ironman Neil Eddy, Dave Toomey, and the "most valuable player" Gene Fitzgerald. They went, they saw, and they conquered.

The swim team, suffering from both a shortage of members and a green team, finished the season with a 6-6 record. There were only two seniors this year, Andy Coty and Brian Walsh. The team was strengthened by the "junior" division, led by co-captains Doug Snyder and Steve Strang.

This year's "hoop" team finished in 4th place. P.H.S. was honored by the presence of their new coach, Dr. Coakley. Leon Kelly, Rick Russo, and Kevin O'Donnell were among the outstanding players.

—Tom Sacchetti

Badminton

During the months of March and April, close to 50 girls have been involved in one of the lesser known, but none-the-less exciting sports that is offered for girls at P.H.S. . . . badminton.

The girls, paired off, play each other in scheduled matches and continue to play as long as they are victorious. This year, the eliminations have carried us down to two excellent couples: Liz Mills and Nancy Swartz, and Patty Curd and Jean Eulian. These teams will play each other, and the winners will receive letters while the losers will receive numerals.

Special thanks for this program goes to Miss Mac, who faithfully organized the tournament and kept score throughout our sometimes "different" matches.

Coach Sylvester's Racket

Once again the P.H.S. tennis team will be graced by having as its coach, Mr. George Sylvester.

Tennis, like all other sports this year, is hindered by double sessions, which forces the juniors and seniors to practice in the afternoon while the sophomores practice in the morning. Practice for both groups are held at North Junior High, but this spot is only temporary. As soon as the courts at Ponterill are playable, practice will be held there.

The Generals at the time are in an Independent League, but Coach Sylvester hopes that his team may soon enter the Pioneer Valley League; his reason being there is more High School Competition there. In the independent league his schedule consists of mostly Prep schools, of which Lenox Prep and Darrow are the toughest.

Fifteen boys went out for this year's team. With Ken Hydinger, Dave Whitehead, Dean Papaas and Bob Burdett the only returning lettermen, the team lacks depth. It was hurt by the loss of Fete Burdett, Tom Evans, and Mike Kurjan. With promising newcomers such as senior Stuart Keith, and juniors Preston Lamberton, Dick Levinson, Scott Samally, Rem and Bruce Merry and Cary Sohl, Coach Sylvester is very optimistic about the team's chances against other high schools, although he is not as confident against Prep schools. Only seven boys are allowed to play in each match. The seven are chosen by process of elimination from playoffs in which all team members may participate. Only the seven with the most points may go to the matches.

Last year's team ended the season with a 2-4 record, winning against Greenville High, and Windsor Mountain

Jayvees. They lost to Lenox Prep (both varsity and jayvees), Darrow Prep, and West Springfield. This year with much work and a lot of team support, it could end up with a .500 mark or better.

—Randy Rocca

Gymnastics

After February vacation, gymnastics began for the girls. Every Monday and Friday after school, the balance beam, uneven parallel bars, and horse were available for GAA members to work out.

A few weeks had gone by and we noticed an announcement on the bulletin board that said there would be a gym exhibition open to any Junior or Senior interested in trying her luck at the unevens and balance beam. Ten girls in all had gone out for the competition, five on the balance beam and five on the unevens. It was the duty of each girl to make up her own routine and set it to music.

The gym filled with girls and a few boys. The music began and the first girl performed. After each of the ten girls had done her routine, everyone anxiously awaited the judges (Coach Sylvester and Coach Benedetti) decision.

The results were as follows: Balance Beam, 1st place—Fam Harris; 2nd place—Betsy Gregory; 3rd place—Chris Selin. Unevens: 1st place—Madeline Carnevale; 2nd place—Pam Harris; 3rd place—Sue Ogle and Barb Huban. The 1st place winners receive a Letter and the 2nd and 3rd place winners receive numerals.

A special thanks goes to Coach Bard, who helped the girls with their routines.

—Joan Halperin

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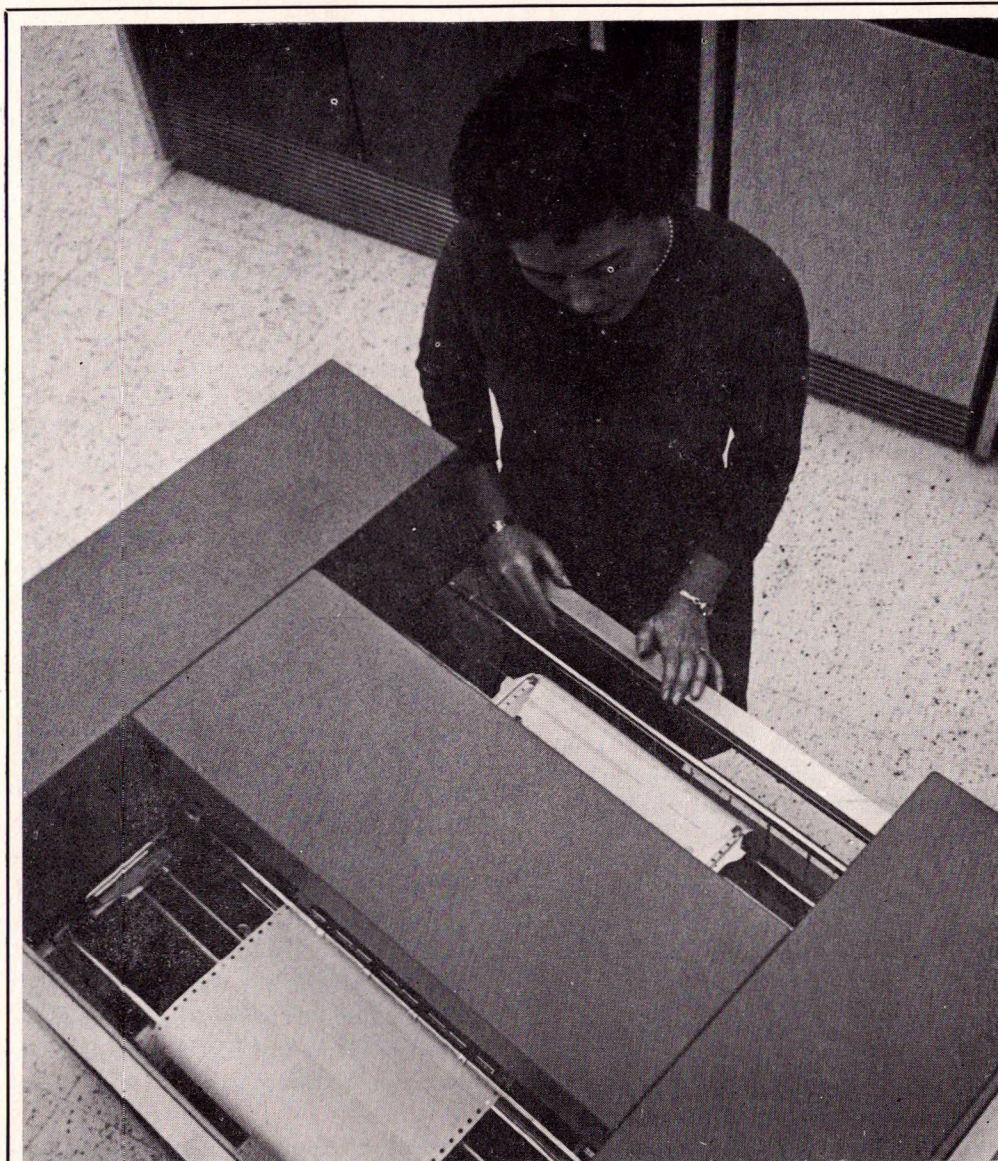
250 North Street
REGISTERED JEWELERS

Baseball

Pittsfield High's varsity baseball team showed much promise and extensive team and personal drive this season. Led by Coach Bud Pellerin, the team, in part, seemed to give the fans glimpses along the lines of our varsity basketball team of this past year. Both Co-captain Rick Russo and star Kevin O'Donnell, from that unforgettable hoop team, became standouts at first and second bases, respectively, for the baseball team. The other Co-captain, ace hurler Dick Russell, pitched great ball for the team. Other senior members were Mark Reynolds, and all-around fine catcher, Jesse Elser in centerfield and Steve Gerardi in right. Dave Stetson, a junior, pinned-down the third base position well for the Generals. Ed McMahon, at shortstop, and Paul Hermanski in left field, were two other juniors on the squad. Other pitchers who were quite impressive were juniors Greg Gillette, a southpaw, Tom Scagliarini, a tall right-hander, and Larry Allen. Two promising sophomore outfielders, Maury Matteodo and Tony Paralta, were occasional bright spots for Coach Pellerin. They, like many other reserves came off the bench to do great back-up work. Although the pitching was a dominating strength, the teams hitting could have been more "up-to-par". Defensively, the infield was quoted to be the best that Coach Pellerin has seen in his years at the High School.

After one looks at all of the contributing factors, it becomes apparent that we should say that our baseball team had quite a good year. The promise and spirit that the team possessed were important assets that can make all of us look with anticipation to the future, a future that might see another Tommy Grieve, or for that matter, a Mark Belanger, rise to the heights of stardom.

—Dave Crea



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*Mr. J. B. Coughlin, Jr.
Psychiatric Social Worker
Rochester Mental Health Center*

Dear Students:

It seems ages since I graduated from Pittsfield High School (1941). A lot has happened since then. I worked a year for the G.E., then spent 3½ years with Uncle Sam in the Air Force. It was really while I was in an Air Force Hospital that I decided to take up Psychiatric Social Work.

One day while recuperating I saw a patient running up the street with a 45 automatic. The M.P.'s were following him but a psychiatric nurse came up to him and talked with him. He quietly handed her the gun and went with her. I decided then that this was the field I wished to enter.

After discharge from Service I took my B.A. at Otterbein College and then took a two-year Master's, graduating as a Psychiatric Social Worker from Boston University.

Since graduating from Boston University I have been with the U.S. Veteran's Administration Mental Health Clinic in Rochester, N.Y. for 7 years, then a School Social Worker in the Mental Health Clinical Services of the Rochester, N.Y. Schools, and for the last 5 years I have been in charge of the Alcoholic Treatment Center which is now a Division of the Rochester Mental Health Center.

I enjoyed my years at Pittsfield High School but wished I had worked harder while in high school.

I know it's difficult to listen to us "old timers" when we say work hard and be serious about your studies in high school. As you saw before in my letter I wish I had made better use of my time in high school.

I would like to say though for those of you who wish to go on in your studies, you should take up typing and shorthand as they will be of great use to you all through life.

Sincerely,

J. B. Coughlin, Jr.

*Dr. Majic Potsaid
Director of Nuclear Medicine & Research
Massachusetts General Hospital*

Dear Students:

I went to high school during an intense financial world depression, a period marked by a severe shortage of goods that profoundly influenced the lives of most people and my life was no exception. It was a time when many people desperately sought social dignity through work or study. Mine was a rewarding yet effortless search as I found my "thing" at PHS, mainly through the good graces of some wonderful teachers.

While at Mercer Junior High School, I developed a deep interest in science which was not only sustained by my PHS instructors but was carefully nurtured by them so it grew into something extra special in my life. Science led me into medicine where I receive great satis-

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faction caring for patients whether they are in need of my services in diagnosis or treatment. Medicine has led me to research frontiers particularly to the new horizons that exist in the use of radioisotopes. It is clearly apparent that PHS played a crucial role in my life.

To an extent an individual makes himself or herself but in larger measure a person is the product of the "happenings" with which he or she comes in contact. A person is molded by those who touch him or her during formative periods of one's life. High school and college days are full of critical and decisive moments, especially at this time of rapid change.

During my PHS days I was often an angry young man in much the same way as youth feels today because of the times and other background factors. Though I did not overtly cause the authorities overwhelming consternation, I did on a few occasions vent some rather strong feelings. Fortunately for me certain teachers were the kind who really understood. Because they showed me understanding, I now feel the need to understand. Because people had confidence in me and my abilities, I developed the confidence to use my talents wisely. If my life has been a success, it is because key

persons at PHS and elsewhere showed me the way to feel successful.

Berkshire County was still in the throes of the depression when I graduated in 1934. It was a year in which some soul searching gave me an insight into my ultimate desires. As I look back there is little doubt that almost consciously and deliberately I set a course that would place me where I could disseminate knowledge. The positions for which I reached were those where understanding could be used effectively to reduce the level of ignorance in the world, for I had come to sense that man's pressing and solvable problems are primarily the result of sheer ignorance and not much more. I firmly believe that man's salvation lies in the education of the whole man who uses factual information, not myths, in trying to resolve issues.

People should be helped to see things as clearly as humanly possible and to separate facts from cultural myths and superstitions which divide people. We must remind ourselves constantly that seeing the truth and knowing it leaves no room for blame or accusations. Knowing the truth forces us to attack the underlying causes of human misery instead of attacking people whose unruly behavior is merely a symptom of trouble within society itself. In the final analysis truth, understanding, justice, and love are one and the same. In giving advice to youth I would simply inform them to hold dearly to their idealism and not let cultural myths stifle it and convert it into adult cynicism.

Sincerely,

Majic S. Potsaid, M.D.,
Director, Nuclear Medicine
and Research

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Acorn

Jefferson Senior High
Roanoke, Virginia

In the Beginning

In the beginning,
God created the Earth.
Then, God created Man,
And from Man came Woman.
Man created the A-Bomb,
And proclaimed "God is Dead."
A small explosion was heard,
And the earth was no more.
In the end, as in the beginning,
Only God remained.

Dolores Smith, '68

Youth '68

Avon Jr.-Sr. High School
Avon, Connecticut

Knowledge

By Dick Castle

I know a lot about Viet Nam.
We discuss it every night.
And I know more about hippie folk
Than other people might.
And I can talk for hours
On our neighbors "cross the sea."
And I'll relate in great detail
Our foreign policies.
But after I've completed
Every volume on the shelf,
It suddenly occurs to me,
I know little of myself.

Strange

By Tom Rebmann

I sat beneath a door,
watching it swing open and shut.
A woman opened it
and stepped on me.

Youth '68

Avon Jr.-Sr. High School
Avon, Connecticut

A Discourse of the Fate of the Nearing Future

By Laurie August

As I was coming into school today,
The strangest thing I saw,
A little black beetle bug
Sitting on a ball.

I wonder how he got there,
Sitting in the hall,
With a most unusual face
As if to yell and call:

"The world is coming to an end,
I say my fellow people,
We'll all be hanging by our toes,
On the church yard steeple!"

I took him away with me,
And put him in my locker,
But when he knocked, I let him out,
And he began to tocker:

"The world is coming to an end,
I tell you here and now,
We'll all be pulled below the earth
Where lava pits will bow!"

I thought this going a little too far,
And sent him to the office,
But my bug did not behave,
And he began to coffice:

"The world is coming to an end,
The day is coming soon,
When martians, from outer space
Will land here with a ZOOM!"

The principal got mad at that,
And threw him in the air,
He landed on the mimo machine
Which I don't think was fair

And up walked my teacher,
To make some dreaded tests,
When mine was passed to me
Bug began to fess:

"The world is coming to an end . . ."

Cauldron

West Orange High School
West Orange, New Jersey

Bananas

Andrew Goodman, '68

I like bananas because they have no bones. Of the many reasons to like bananas, I think that the fact that they have no bones is significant. Just by eating bananas you can tell that there are no bones to get in the way. Can you imagine trying to pull out bones while eating a banana? After all, bananas aren't the greatest thing to look at and the taste isn't the best either. And you also have to take off their slippery skins to eat them. Actually, can't you see why bananas are so good? It's because they have no bones.

Youth

Avon Jr.-Sr. High School
Avon, Connecticut

Black Meets White

Gail Lehnacker, '71

White meets black,
Black reaches out.
White touches but does not hold on.
The touching continues—
Communication,
Understanding,
Maybe even love.
But the touch doesn't
Turn into a grasp.
Someday it will.
But not now,
Not yet.

Fourteen Men

Ronald Glaser, '68

Fourteen men knelt silently
Upon a darkened hill,
Fourteen men knelt silently
With eyes intent to kill.

The captain whispered softly,
"Don't move or make a sound,"
But only nine men heard him,
Four men fell dead to the ground.

The captain whispered softly,
"We've got a job to do."
But only seven heard him.
A hand grenade killed two.

The captain whispered softly,
"We have to keep men free."
But only four men heard him,
A mortar shell killed three.

The captain and his four men
Knelt silently on the hill.
They looked at their dead comrades,
Who now are lying still.

Then the captain and his four men
And the dead men walked away,
And the film director shouted,
"Cut!—that's enough today."

Evolution

Time will never cease, as you or I must,
but will gather into space
and roll right past,
taking dust, thoughts, words
mine and yours.
It closes doors we spend our life-time
to open,
and in an infinite bliss we drift
away.
Into a brighter
place
from which we arrived.
John F. Lancer

Dos Caminos Solitarios

Dos caminos solitarios
Por una floresta verde;
Dos caminos solitarios
Con un riachuelo entre.

Corriste adelante
Cuando yo no vi.
Si, corriste adelante
Por fin libre.

Yo segui el camino
Hasta que el sol uniera la colina;
Y alli, cerca del riachuelo
Coloca perfectamente calma.

Yo me arrestre lentamente
Hasta, tres pasos de su cabeza,
Yo me extendi y toque
Su figura-fria y muerta.

Ahora el camino esta polvoriento
Donde el viento ha soplado,
Pero yo continue
Suguir - solo.

—Patricia Hyde

Haiku

Le beau soleil brille
Mille nuages éclatent
Que l'été arrive!

—Ceci Hermann

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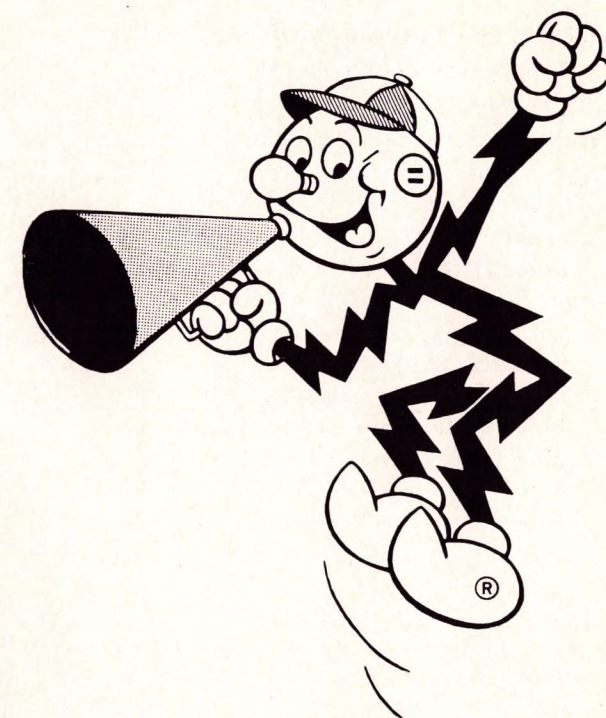
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TEAM
IS . . .

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Seniors—What will you remember the most about P.H.S.?

Mike Murphy—Sleeping in class

Jack Shea—Not being able to do my homework

Donna Roberts—Dark cold nights as a sophomore, dark, cold mornings as a senior, but most of all lots of great kids

Sue Barnett—Three long tiring years with too many quizzes, but with a favorable outcome.

Kathy Hyde—A great school with great kids and teachers and a great beginning for my future career.

Marvin Kennedy—Mr. Fazio's Spanish class

Lori Simo—A yard of thin wrinkled purple ribbon

Rick Russo—Vacations

Mark Reynolds—Football practices with Coach Gleason

Jean Eulian—Our great rallies!

Chris Doucette—The way the teachers cut in front of you in the lunch line

Lynn Barzottini—The way Mr. Gardner describes "the heap."

Jackie Thompson—The smiles, the frowns, and the staircases.

Karen Rosen—Chemistry and Economics

Betsy Gregory—Mr. Sage's philosophizing

Bob Lucaroni—Friends

Debbie Panetti—My rides to school in the blue jeep

Jim Bagdonas—Going to football practice at 5:31.

Pat Abell—Getting stepped on or crushed in the mad dash to get out of school.

Linda Rapkowiz—Marching in the mud at Wahconah Park

Jeanne Baccoli—the inconveniences caused by double sessions.

Ed DeLuca—Mr. Lawrence J. Murphy

Nancy Jones—The bell at 12:31

Dianne Hunt—The ever so quiet study halls

Cathy Premierlani—The dome when it's lit

Barb Huban—The memorable days of the bomb scares

Joan Knysh—The night I made Cadettes

Insignificant Survey

There are 499 lockers on the second floor. Not counting half-bricks, there are 21,070 bricks lining the third floor hall. On April 25, there were 3 lights burned out in the cafeteria.

Room 145 is painted white, brown and pink. (Vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry.)

In the average classroom, there are 4 windows with 24 small panes of glass in each.

There are 3 Fire Drill signs in the cafeteria.

The clock in Room 147 is approximately 30 seconds off.

There are 16 windows with 16 small panes of glass in the cafeteria. One window has 24 panes.

On the first floor near the west drinking fountain, is a piece of floor that has been replaced which resembles a footprint.

One hundred and thirty-five erasers are contained in the three floors combined.

It took 871 boards to make the floor in 242.

There are 13 large square cement poles in the cafeteria.

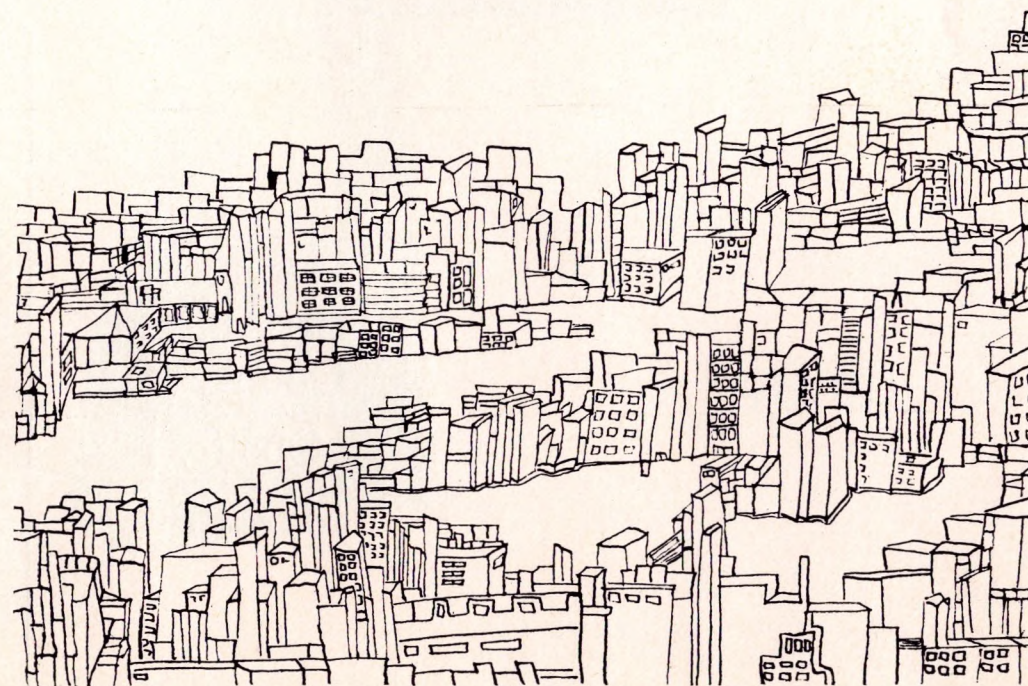
Room 208 has a pencil sharpener for left-handed people.

There are 660 seats in the cafeteria.

Farewell

Carry my thoughts down your pathways;
Follow my form to your end;
Remember my footsteps upon you;
I may never see you again.

—Laura Leon



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leads a romantic pitch
down the front of
this navy organza
gown. Tied in the
back in a navy bow.

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